

The Pocahontas Times.

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THE GREAT STATE OF WEST VIRGINIA

One day, through no fault of his own, the Man from Mars found himself within the uncouth confines of West Virginia. Not far from the capital city he came upon a large number of soldiers all bedecked in majestic uniform and attending, apparently, to the humdrum details of every day existence.

The Man from Mars approached a natty little Lieutenant. "How's this?" he asked with a puzzled expression. "I am still in the United States, am I not?"

The Lieutenant smiled indulgently.

"Oh, yes," was the reply, "after a manner of speaking, you are still in the United States. This is the Great State of West Virginia."

"Why does every State call itself a Great State?" inquired the Man from Mars.

"Oh, just a boasting habit," declared the Lieutenant. "It means nothing."

"But why do you have so many soldiers down here on regular duty? Is it a war?"

"Well—we don't exactly call it a war. If we called it a war, the newspapers would give us too much publicity; No, it's just a way we have down here—just a Henry Gassaway way!"

"Do you find it a better way?"

The Lieutenant looked about carefully to make sure there was none to overhear. "Listen," he began in a hoarse whisper, and drew close to the Man from Mars. "This is the funniest little State you ever heard of. It is practically owned, body, boots and breeches, mountain, mine and militia, by a single family. You know what that means. It means that this family, its heirs, representatives and Senators forever, do things absolutely to suit themselves."

"Subject, of course, to the constitution of the United States," interposed the Man from Mars.

"Subject to nothing except what the people will stand," replied the Lieutenant disdainfully.

"Are the people patient?" quired the Man from Mars.

"For a long time they were," answered the Lieutenant, "but more recently they became so impatient—the mine laborers particularly—the operators thought it best to hire armed detectives or guards to shoot them down on various not-overly-nice pretexts."

"Did that help the situation?"

"Strange to say it did not. It only served to make the mine laborers more dissatisfied and some of them even thought they had as good a right to carry arms and to shoot as the mine guards had."

"Hadn't they?"

"Oh, no. That would never work!"

"What was done about it?"

"The civil authorities—so called—finally decided that the situation was beyond them and thereupon the soldiers were put in charge and martial law was declared."

"What is martial law?"

The Lieutenant peered about him furtively. "Martial law is no law at all," he whispered.

"How did the people like that?"

"They liked it better than they liked the civil authorities—which was very little."

"And what did the militia do?"

"We arrested a great number of the mine laborers and agitators and put them on trial for conspiracy to murder."

"Did you arrest only mine laborers, and not the mine guards, who, you said, had also been shooting?"

"Exactly."

"Why did you arrest the one and not the other?"

"You must have forgotten that I told you at the outset that this is privately owned State. In view of that course was clear. The mine guards were protecting private property, while the mine laborers were protecting merely life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

"Do you think that West Virginia will ever become civilized?" asked the Man from Mars, as he turned to go.

"Yes, there is hope even for West Virginia," replied the other thoughtfully.—Life.

Now what can you say to the above article on the State of West Virginia. To make reply in a fitting manner would be like a man who considered that he had been insulted by a man who had called him a fighting character. He met the man and disputed it hotly and knocked the libel down and beat him up considerably.

Died, after a lingering illness of more than a year, Mrs. S. H. Keyser, at her home in Alleghany county, Va., aged 58 years. She is survived by her husband and six children and one sister, Mrs. Phoebe Mann, of Warwick.

Pocahontas Sunday School Convention Marlinton, W. Va., May 13, 1913.

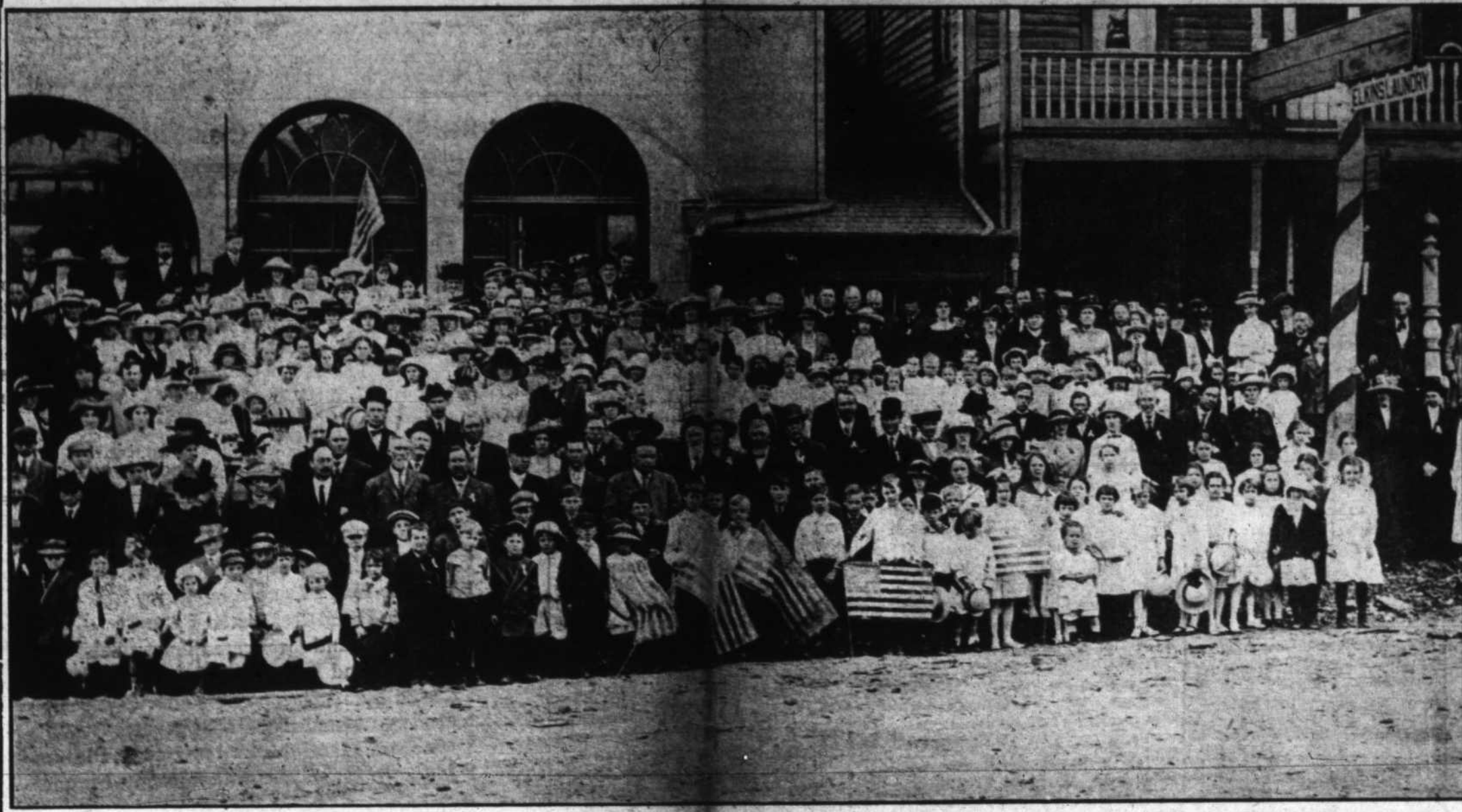


Photo by C. F. Gay

MAKING THE STATE

Fifty years ago President Lincoln issued a proclamation to make effective in 60 days from April 20, 1863, an act of congress admitting the new state of West Virginia to the Union "on an equal footing with the original states in all respects whatever."

This act had been approved by the president on December 31, 1862, upon the condition that the state constitution should be changed in certain respects. One change required had been the phraseology of a provision for the gradual emancipation of slaves. This having been made, submitted to the people and favorably voted on, Lincoln proceeded to proclaim the new state.

The president and his advisers had found the question of constitutionality in admitting West Virginia a hard one to settle in their minds.

Lincoln at first was not sure that a new state could be made out of an old one without the parent state's consent. Virginia was in the Confederacy, and its consent could not be obtained.

An interesting story of the president as he appeared to anxious West Virginians while deliberating on the question of admitting the new state was afterward told by Waitman T. Willey, one of the first two senators from West Virginia. Rumors having reached the West Virginians in Washington that Lincoln intended to veto their statehood bill and had asked the advice of his cabinet in the matter, a delegation composed of Senator Willey, William G. Brown, Sr., member of congress from Kingwood, W. Va., and Gov. Francis H. Pierpont—started out in the afternoon of December 31, the last day on which the president could act on the bill, to interview the members of his cabinet and if possible ascertain how the majority had advised the president.

They found Postmaster General Montgomery Blair against the bill. Secretary Salmon P. Chase of the treasury was for it, and he said he had so advised Lincoln. He said Secretary of War Edwin M. Stanton had also expressed himself favorably.

Not being able to find all the cabinet members and those they saw being equally divided, the delegation went to the president. Lincoln told them of his doubts, and said that he had "got the members of his cabinet to write their views."

Reaching into his desk he brought out a bundle of papers and said: "I will read what each one writes but not mention the author's name," which he proceeded to do. Senator Willey thought he was able to guess the authors by the language each one used. Finally an opinion was read that he felt must have been written by Lincoln himself, and he took heart as it was an argument in favor of

forming the state.

At its conclusion Mr. Brown remarked: "Well, Mr. President, that is the best opinion you have read."

Lincoln replied in a whimsical way. "You think that on trumps the trick, do you?"

Lincoln ended the interview by saying, "Well, gentlemen, I have until 12 o'clock tonight to decide this and if you come here early in the morning you will know what I have done."

The West Virginians passed an anxious night, and New Year's morning arrived at the White House so early that the doors were not yet open. No watchman was in sight. They found a window that could be raised. One of the party was hoisted up and helped up the other two.

The party went to the president's office upstairs and knocked.

There was a response of "come in." It was from Lincoln, who, early as it was, was sitting at his desk with piles of papers around him, which he was examining.

He turned his head toward the three men as they walked in and said: "Men of West Virginia, I suppose this will please you, and he held up the bill duly signed."

In this scene culminated one of the most important civic events of the war. West Virginia was the only state created during the struggle from one of the seceded states. In the process of making it a separate commonwealth many new and puzzling problems had arisen.

Geographically and politically, the West Virginians for some years before the war had practically regarded themselves as a separate community from their neighbors in the central, eastern and tidewater section of old Virginia.

A mountain ridge of the Allegheny system physically divided the two sections of the old commonwealth, and politically, as well as industrially, and socially, "the peasantry of the west," as the mountaineers of West Virginia were called by their eastern neighbors, had little in common with the slaveholding citizens of the older sections of the state. In consequence, their material interests had not been promoted by law-makers of the state.—Pittsburgh Gazette Times.

Dr. G. Frank Nickell, of Cass, and Miss Josie Coffman were married at the home of the bride's father, John Coffman, near Roanoke, May 7, 1913. Rev. Pierce Sydenstricker conducted the ceremony. These young people have many friends who congratulate and wish them a long and happy married life. Dr. Nickell took his bride to his home at Cass. The bride is one of Greenbrier's most excellent young ladies, and the groom is a rising young physician, a son of R. A. C. Nickell, of Monroe county.—Greenbrier Independent.

DOG-WOOD

The white tent of the Dogwood tree
Once more our eyes behold;
So different from the winter time,
All bleak and bare and cold.

Beside the forest's tender green,
The snowy leaf appears,
And gently bending o'er our head,
The Dogwood smiles and cheers.

Who could be sad when Nature wakes
From her long season's sleep,
And pitches this white tent again,
A silent watch to keep.

'Tis on'y for a little while,
When like the Arab clan,
The canvas will be taken down,
And seen no more by man.

But now we gaze and feast our eyes,
Upon the snow-white bloom,
And think if sin-cursed earth is fair,
What will be Heaven's home!

When Eden's garden man destroyed,
God saved some precious flowers
And gave the trees their varied hues,
Before the fruitage hours.

And why He paints the Dogwood white,
'Tis not for us to know,—
Except He loved the pure in heart
And man should holy grow.

Then we salute our Dogwood friend,
Upon the mountain slope,
And take the lesson close to mind,
Of joy and love and hope.

A. L. P.

Gen. Romeo H. Freer, of Harrisville, Ritchie county, is dead. He was one of the most genial geniuses of West Virginia. He was a bright, interest, warmhearted popular idol. He will be greatly missed in the public assemblages of the State. Who has not heard at the Republican State conventions the mighty cry of "Romeo! Romeo!" He has occupied many offices of responsibility and trust. He was attorney general of the State. He was a member of Congress. Missed being governor of West Virginia by a hair. For the past eight years he has been postmaster at Harrisville. He departed this life at the age of seventy. Garrick's epitaph on Quin is brought to mind:

"The tongue which set the table in a roar,
And charmed the public ear is heard no more;
Closed are those eyes, the harbingers of wit,
Which spake before the tongue, what Shakespeare writ.
Cold is that hand which ever was stretched forth,
At friendship's call, to succor modest worth.
Here lies our friend! Deign reader to be taught,
What'er thy strength of body, force of thought,
In nature's happiest mould however cast,
To this complexion thou must come at last."

FISH DYNAMITERS

From various sections of the State come complaints to State Game Warden Viquesney of dynamite being used for the purpose of killing fish. Mr. Viquesney has decided to offer a reward of \$50 for information leading to the arrest and conviction of parties committing this crime. Chapter 60 of the Acts of 1909 relative to such violations reads as follows:

"Sec. 37. It shall be unlawful for any person to kill or attempt to kill any fish by the use of dynamite or other explosive mixture, or by the use of poisonous drug, substance, bait or food, or by the use of electricity lime or other thing of like nature. And the placing of any such article in any stream, pond or lake, shall be deemed and taken to be prima facie proof of intention to violate this section.

Any person violating this section shall be guilty of a felony, and upon conviction thereof shall be confined in the penitentiary for a period not less than six months nor more than two years, and may at the discretion of the court be fined not less than fifty nor more than two hundred dollars.

The Commander of the First Brigade W. Va. Division United Confederate Veterans, A. C. L. Gatewood, has appointed Rev. Wm. T. Price, of Marlinton, Assistant Chaplain General with the rank of Major.

So far as there is available information the first Confederate soldier buried with the honors of war was John Phares, a member of Capt. David C. Anderson's company from Pendleton county. This occurred June 1, 1861, at Philippi, under Capt. Anderson's direction, Mr. Price acting as volunteer chaplain.

Parkersburg, W. Va.—The forty-eighth annual encampment of Odd Fellows of West Virginia ended here yesterday afternoon. Clarksburg was selected over Elkins as next year's meeting place. The following new officers were elected, Grand Patriarch, Daniel Gunnoe, Craney; Grand High Priest E. T. Licklider, Shepherdstown; Grand Senior Warden Alva Wolvorton, Philippi; Grand Junior Warden H. E. Rennard, Wheeling; Grand Scribe C. L. Simpson, Huntington; Grand Treasurer C. H. Riggie, Fairmont; Grand Representative to Sovereign Lodge S. A. Fleming, Sutton; Grand Marshal A. L. Chambers, Oceana; Grand Sentinel L. L. Jarrett, Charleston; Deputy Sentinel C. H. Cookus, Romney; Grand Instructor Dr. J. W. Boeworth, Philippi.

Mr. and Mrs. Dexter C. Sharp wish to express their heartfelt thanks to their friends and neighbors for their kindness to them during the sickness and death of their little child.

FROM A PRISONER

Dear boys: While sitting in a lonely prison cell thinking of my home and dear ones, I love so well, I am thinking also of the young men and boys who, perhaps, never stop to think of themselves and who never think of this place. I never did until it was too late to shun it, and that is why I am trying to write you these few lines of advice. I was cared for by a christian mother,

just as you boys are, but tonight finds me locked in a prison cell with a sad and broken heart, away from and loved ones, my head drooped with shame and branded a criminal. Who have I to blame? No one but myself. I cannot blame the good citizens. It was my own sins that brought me to this sad end, and yours will do the same for you if you do not part from them. Let me persuade you to accept Christ as your Savior and leave the pathes of sin. You may never come to this place, but if you die in your sins you will go to a much worse one. Ah, how I wish that every young man would listen to that precious mother of his and there would be no need for prisons, not even the jail house. Well do I remember how my dear mother would often call me close beside her and with tears streaming down her cheeks, would tell me how I could make her happy and be a great and useful man to my country, but I let the devil get the upper hand of me. I yielded to temptation. The devil is walking to and fro seeking whom he may devour, and he always deserts us as soon as he gets us to such a place as this. He lures us in many ways. I want you to just stop and think before it is too late. I am shut off from the pleasures you now have. I am shut away from the world and its pleasures and my family. Ah, if the guilty was the only ones that suffer it would be much better, but the innocent have to suffer too. Just think of that dear old mother. Ah how well do I remember how that dear mother looked when I told her of my crime. The cheeks that were rosy then was never again, and she carried a heavy heart to the grave. We do not only bring shame to ourselves, but upon our home and loved ones. Boys, you can make your dear mother happy and your sisters if you will only accept Christ as your Savior and you will be much happier yourselves.

I will write again if this does not reach the waste basket before it does you. I have a life sentence.

R. L. Sykes.

The above clipping is from the Andalusia, (Ala.) Star, handed to me by a friend. The writer is an inmate of the Alabama State prison at Sanford, and is clerk of the church recently organized in that prison.

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DROOP MT.

Fine weather and crops are looking fine after the refreshing rains.

N. D. McCoy and wife were calling on friends on Droop Mt. Sunday.

Miss Edith May was visiting at Poe Weiford's Sunday.

A. V. May & Co. has been hauling quite a lot of hay to Denmar the past week.

Miss Eva Tolley has returned from Marlinton.

Miss Nellie Mary was visiting at James Darnell's Sunday.

A large number of our folks attended the wedding of Alex Long and Miss Maggie Curry on Droop, Sunday.

Misses Eva and Vernie McCoy attended the funeral of Mrs. Clark Cochran, Sunday.

Sidney McCoy was calling at C. S. Mays Sunday.

Misses Neda and Nettie McCoy attended the camp meeting at Renick, Sunday.

Guy Brown was calling at B. P. Weifords, Sunday.

Lawrence Bozzard and Jake Malcomb are making the brush fly for C. S. May.

Ray McMillion was calling at W. N. McCoy's, Sunday.

D. L. McCoy was calling at John Mays, Sunday.

Forrest May has been visiting his little friend, Dyce McCoy, the past week.

Austin May was calling at Mrs. Rebecca McCarty's Sunday.

Preaching at Locust Creek Church Sunday at 3 p. m. by Rev. Lowance. Everybody is cordially invited.

GREENBANK

Maj. J. C. Arbogast is some better, but don't gain but little.

Sam Rider is no better at this time,—not much hope of his recovery.

Mr. Reed, of Staunton is in town having some repairing done to his property here.

B. F. E. Woodell and son Howard were in town Monday.

E. N. Curry of Dunmore, was in town Monday on business.

Mrs. J. L. Stretch is off to Crabbottom, Va., on a visit.

We are having fine growing weather, only a little cool.

M. W. Little is off to Marion county on a visit.

Jacob Taylor and son, of Texas, who are visiting at Dunmore, were in town last Monday.

The Burning Mountain Oil Co. commenced to bore for something Monday. We hope they will strike oil soon.

Mrs. C. C. Lambert is the guest of her father, W. A. Gladwell.

HILLSBORO HIGH NOTES

On May 27th an expression of regret will be given by Miss Margaret LaRue in "There were Ninety and Nine," and "Lead Kindly Light;" by Miss Dyce Smith in "The Execution of Sidney Craney," and "Annie Laurie;" by Miss Greta Payne in "Patey," "Aux Italiens," and Mr. Hubert Kidd in "Whar's de Transportation;" and "An Old Sweetheart of Mine." They will be assisted by Miss Maggie Merrels and the high school girls.

The high teachers and some of the students on last Sunday enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Fish, of Denmar, patrons of the High School.

Mr. G. W. Fuller pleasantly conducted chapel services on last Monday morning.

Prospective base ball games are wit Roncoveerte High and Cloverlick.

George Gline, who is employed by the Maryland Lumber Co., at Denmar, Pocahontas County, had the misfortune on yesterday to have his right leg badly mashed by a log falling on it. He was brought to the Hinton Hospital on No. 13 today and is resting as well as could be expected.—Hinton News of May 16.

As soon as we read it we at once thought of a remark made to the writer by "Pole" Patton when he was telling about a justice-of-the-peace. He said: "It was a d-d poor selection, but the best Pot's Creek could do." This may have been the best they had, but it will never be a popular West Virginia song.—Col. Swope in McDowell Recorder.

You must take your choice between two restrictions; either individuals must be restricted from imposing a nuisance on the community against the will of the majority, or else the majority of the community must be restricted from suppressing those nuisances in deference to the interests of individuals.—Joseph Chamberlain.